

THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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ELLA HIGGINSON.

The subject of this all too brief sketch is rapidly gaining the attention of the reading public. To answer individual inquiry in a general way, I write this article by request of the editor.

Ella Higginson was born in a log cabin in Council Grove, Kansas, in 1862. Two years later she crossed the plains, in company with others, of course, coming to Oregon, in which state she has spent most of her life. Her educational advantages were limited, and her schooling consisted of a short term in the Oregon City Seminary and a grammar school. She is now conducting a "Woman's Department" in *West Shore*, and is also contributing to a number of Eastern periodicals.

Her life is of the free and luxuriant West, and

the "sunset land" may claim her as its own. Mrs. Higginson's maiden name was Ella Rhoads. She occasionally wrote a love story when a girl, but after her marriage, in 1882, to Russell C. Higginson, she did not write at all for five or six years. The thrush may sit dumb in the forest for a season, but either the sunshine or the storm will awaken it into song.

"In 1888 I sent my first poem eastward to the *Boston Courier*, and it was so widely copied and brought me so many kind words of encouragement from strangers, that I really, at last, *began to try to write*," writes Mrs. Higginson in a letter to a friend. However, a few of her verses appeared in *West Shore* and elsewhere the year or two preceding.

At present Mrs. Higginson's home is in Sehome, a city on Bellingham Bay. Her husband is a druggist, an enterprising man, and Mrs. Higginson leads a very busy life, her writing being quite incidental. She is fortunate in living on the shores of Puget Sound, which she calls

An opal sea
With purple hills girt round.

All around her mountains climb upward through the clouds into heaven. In every direction the deep forests stretch away with their shadowy solitudes. On the limbs of the tall firs the evening stars seem to shine like silver lamps through the dusk. At her feet the ocean's heart beats vocal on the shore. Therefore, her sources of inspiration are wonderful in themselves.

What distinguishes Ella Higginson's verse from great quantities of modern verse? Her verse is passionate, and burns with a flame as pure as the flame of a star fresh lighted in

heaven. She does not attempt ingenuity in conception nor surprises in execution; but simply sings her simple song—a longing and a loving. Her vision is two-fold: she sees with the common eye and the eye of Poesy. Hence, however lofty or sublime her work, it is never above the apprehension of the masses. Realism is the basis of her work, upon which sure foundation she constructs mansions of ideality. In her writings there is a child's love of nature. Her words are radiant with sunshine, sweet with perfume of wild flowers, and vocal with songs of birds. And some of her poems are as tinted shells of the ocean, in which he who listens may hear a distinct continuous echo of the sea's far-off thunder. She has a depth of spiritual insight, and if blind in part, she is blinded by light.

Our author is small in stature and very fond of out-door life. Byron-like, she considers her horse and dog two of the best friends she ever had. The very flower of poetry blooms in her prose.

Lee Fairchild.

SEATTLE, Wash.

THOMAS HOOD.

Quiet, uncomplaining, brave, cheerful,—these are the traits one must apply to Thomas Hood's comparatively short life. From first to last it was a life of struggle with poverty, discouragement, and ill-health.

We are apt to picture the hero surrounded as it were with the panoply of war,—drums beating, cheers resounding, always successful,—yet how much more courage it takes for one to contend with daily trials and sickening discouragements, with ever a brave, even gay, front to the world! It was in this sense that Hood was a hero.

The most lovable and sweet-tempered of men in his own family,—yet with plenty of force, too,—generous to a fault, Hood would have enjoyed more than most men all that money brings. Yet if this gift were denied him, he had others, the most prominent of which was his loving, devoted wife,—Jane Reynolds,—whose literary tastes made her a most congenial companion, and whose constant cheerfulness never faltered.

In 1834, after Hood had met with moderate recognition,—as well as most painful failures,—he suffered pecuniary loss from the unexpected failure of a business firm in which he was interested. Like Sir Walter Scott, he determined to pay off his debts by his pen. How faithfully he worked, and always against great odds, for his health was wretched, and he knew that at any time he was in danger of hemorrhages and heart trouble. He sold everything, and removed to Rotterdam. At this time his wife was dangerously ill, but recovered, when they moved to Coblenz. Here the poet wrought unweariedly, with those gifts from heaven always at hand—humor and a bright disposition. In a letter to his wife, when on a short trip, he wrote: "But for the world's gear, how happy could I be in spite of ill-health! I half suspect the sickness of my heart has been from hope deferred. But time and tide wear through the roughest day; so pluck up your spirits, dear one, and let us hope still; it is better, at all events, than despairing. If you were but as near as you are dear to me, I think I should find little ailing. If it but please God to spare me, you, and my bairns sound and well, I will not repine at the rest."

At Coblenz he wrote his popular "Up the Rhine," "Miss Kilmansegg," "Hood's Own," and the "Comic Annual,"—"Eugene Aram" having appeared before this.

Finally, Hook's place as editor of *Colburn's Monthly* was offered to Hood at a fair salary and independent of any articles he might write, and the family most gladly returned to England. The poet's most famous poem—"Song of the Shirt"—first appeared anonymously in *Punch*. It ran through the land like wild-fire, thus fulfilling Mrs. Hood's prediction: "Now, mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully."

But Hood's health failed rapidly. Almost to the very last he kept cheerful. Friends crowded around him offering the use of their pens, sending game and other luxuries. Somebody sent a twenty-pound note with "A Shirt," "A sincere wish for health" attached. A lady sent fresh violets from the country every day.

When he knew he was dying, Thomas Hood gave his wife, son, and daughter his blessing,

then quietly clasping his wife's hand, he said: "Remember, Jane, I forgive all, *all*, as I hope to be forgiven," and later his wife heard him say in a faint voice: "O Lord, say, Arise, take up thy cross and follow me."

He died from a complication of diseases. May was an eventful month in his life — he was born the twenty-third, married on the fifth, the third he died, and was buried in Kensal Green on the tenth. His wife survived him but eighteen months — their longest separation.

Hood not only gave amusement to people, but he was, like Dickens, a public benefactor, calling attention in his graphic, often touching, way to existing abuses, and wielding the pen far more effectively than the sword.

Some thought that Hood's humor meant only levity, and that he could not be religious and earnest, and yet be fond of jokes and fun. But he never laughed at holy things, and never wrote a line to wound a human being — which can be said of very few wits. His life was far more upright, earnest, and manly than many of more outward seriousness of demeanor, and he died the death of a child of God, in the year 1845.

Daisy Rhodes Campbell.

DELAWARE, O.

HUMORS OF THE TYPES.

Whether or not truth be stranger than fiction, it is certainly funnier. One thing which does somewhat to lighten the woes of the unhappy proof-reader is the humor which the "intelligent compositor" unintentionally puts into the blunders he makes. He probably could not be funny if he tried; not trying, he is irresistible. I have often noticed this tendency of typographical errors to be droll, and have bottled a few *bona fide* specimens, caught on the wing by myself, for the benefit of brethren of the craft.

In a certain pathetic story of the second marriage of a widowed physician, when the step-mother came to her new home she went first to her room, before seeing her husband's children. Looking from her window, she saw them dancing with joy around their father, whom they had just seen. Her first impulse, the story said, was to "go down and join them"; but the compositor interfered, and made her want to

"go down and *jaw* them." Fit greeting for the traditional step-mother!

In an article in a woman's journal on the subject of house-servants, a writer said that "incompetent servants now make misery in too many homes." The compositor put it "in too many *bones*." One woman who saw it in that shape begged me to let it go so, assuring me that it carried a force which the word intended could by no means equal.

In a poem which told of the "tears of pain" shed by a beautiful young girl in affliction, the ungallant typo changed the phrase to "tears of paint."

Our jovial friend found Mrs. Cleveland in "rich silk tea-gown," and put her instead in "rich silk, pea-green." When the florist had his buds "started," the compositor would have them "stunted." The Grand Canal of Venice was filled with "Venetian brats," instead of "boats." "Prototypes" of modern art became "phototypes." "The Herr Maestro" (a story in the *Century*) became "The Hen Master."

All the above are my own discovery; but the one which tickles me most of all is one that happened to a woman writing in a Western paper. She writes afterward (who can wonder!) in remonstrance, saying, "In my letter published November 1 I am made to say 'happy, greasy people,' instead of 'happy, go-easy people.' I have been away from home, and just discovered the mistake. If there is anything on earth that I despise, it is a greasy person, so please correct the error.—*Mrs. L. H.*"

Evidently *she* does n't see anything funny in it!

Henry Ferris.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

A GOOD HINT TO NOVELISTS.

The first and most pressing need in contemporary fiction is a more vivid realization of the endless varied beauty of human character. How few among contemporary English and American novelists ever deign to charm us by a picture of a man or woman toward whom our hearts go out in a glow of admiring love? Character-drawing there is in abundance, showing that there is no lack of new material, and no falling off in manual cunning. But the characters rarely excite in us a passionate

and enthusiastic interest. Is it that the prevailing pessimism has jaundiced the novelist's eye, so that he no longer sees the play of human nature in all its grace and beauty? The best guarantee for the elevation of the novel just now would be the disappearance of the fashionable cynicism which sees all men to be alike rather contemptible, and the substitution in its place of a healthy and genial belief in the better and worthier features of human nature, and the possibility of their becoming dominant.

We do not want novelists to become didactic exponent^s of the most advanced ideas in sociology and economics. But by seizing the tendencies of contemporary thought, and forecasting the probable directions of human progress, they may possess themselves of new ideal elements, by the skilful use of which they will be able to brighten their picture of human life, and so to cheer instead of saddening our hearts. — *James Sully, in The Forum for August.*

A SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

Why is there no Society of Authors in the United States? I shall perhaps be told there is one, but is there one answering to the Society of Men of Letters in France or to that which Mr. Besant directs in England? Who will be the American Mr. Besant? The work he has done here is most useful, and it would be hard to praise it, or him, too highly, if you consider that it has been done by an author who is himself both busy and successful. He gives many hours a week to the cause of literature, and to the interests of his fellow-authors. He has made the society what it is: a body with purely practical aims, using practical methods to attain them. It takes a long time for the English — and perhaps sometimes for others than English — to grasp a new fact, or comprehend the real object of a new enterprise.

There are people, as Mr. Besant tells us, who look on the society as one which exists for the purpose of patching up, or even of creating, quarrels and grievances with publishers. It is nothing of the kind. The society has no quarrel with publishers as such, and never had any, says Mr. Besant, and he explains once more that it exists mainly for the purpose of maintaining the rights, the sacredness, and the reality of literary property. With the honest publisher the society has no quarrel; with the dishonest publisher it has, and it makes no secret of its desire and intention to keep the author out of the clutches of the dishonest publisher. As

success in that laudable effort will increase the business of the honest publisher, he and the society ought to be on good terms. The honest publisher, like the author, owes, or will owe, a debt of gratitude to all who are concerned with it, and to Mr. Besant most of all.

It has some 600 members, with Lord Tennyson as president. On its council are, besides Mr. Besant, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Bryce, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Marion Crawford, Mr. George Meredith, and many more men of leading and light in the world of letters. It has offices in Portugal street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It has legal counsel, solicitors, a committee of management, and a monthly organ. And it has principles. Mr. Besant has just been restating them in a brief and convenient form, and I cannot do better than quote him: —

1. Literary property is created by the author, and belongs at the outset to him.
2. Literary property must be held as sacred as any other kind of property.
3. Literary property is ruled by the demand for a book just as colliery property means the sale of the output. And as the value of a colliery depends first on the output in tons and their price, so the value of a book can only be estimated with reference to the number of copies sold.
4. The author must not part with his property without due consideration, nor without understanding exactly what possibilities, as well as what certainties, he gives and what he receives.
5. What the author is entitled to is, after payment of the cost of production and the publisher's agency and labor, all the remaining proceeds. This proportion of the returns is the property which he has to sell for a lump sum down, or to receive year by year.
6. The publisher has to be remunerated for his agency and labor out of the returns of the book in a certain proportion, which should be a fixed proportion recognized by both contracting parties and understood by both.

To some of these the publisher may demur, but they are principles which the French Society of Men of Letters have established in France. There is, I apprehend, no country in the world where the rights of literature are better understood or settled on a more practical basis than in France. The English Society of Authors is, in fact, an imitator of the French, and will perhaps end by doing for the English author what has been done for the French.

Both in England and America a public opinion on this subject has yet to be created. Recent events have shown that in America there is a great body of opinion which is hostile to the whole idea of literary property.

Education, however, and most of all the education of public opinion, is a slow process, and the Society

of Authors meanwhile busies itself with the most practical and pressing necessities of its clients. Any respectable author may join it on payment of a yearly subscription of \$5. Once a member, he becomes a client, and may have his business transacted for him without further charge. It is the cheapest advice anywhere to be had, and it is also the best. The relations between author and publisher undergo a change at once. It is no longer the case of a business man dealing with one who, as a rule, is not a man of business, and knows nothing of the mysteries of manufacturing and publishing printed books. The society does know, and knows how to make its knowledge useful to the author.

He has only to send to the committee the form of contract prepared for him by the publisher. He will be told whether it is a fair one or not, and, if not, in what particulars it is unfair. He will be told what it costs to manufacture his book if he is himself to bear, or to share, the cost of publication. If he is to be paid by a royalty, he will be advised what percentage upon the selling price of the book he ought to receive. He will be warned, if need be, against the dishonest publisher. If the publisher he has selected be honest, his negotiation with him is still a matter of business, and he needs all the help he can get toward looking after his own end of the bargain. Legal advice is of little or no use. Few lawyers have taken the trouble to master the intricacies of publishing, or are aware of the pitfalls and traps in which some of these publishers' forms of contract abound. The author who goes to this society may or may not be able to command good terms. But at least he will know whether they are good or bad, and know exactly what the contract is which he is asked to sign. A case came to my knowledge the other day. An author submitted two contracts to his solicitor; one of the few who are supposed really to understand the subject. He approved of both, and advised his client to sign both, with, in one case, a trivial technical alteration. Not quite satisfied, the author sent them to the society, with this surprising result, that he was advised to object to many of the clauses, and did object. The publishers in both cases were among the best, and assented readily enough to the modifications proposed. The effect of them was that in both cases the agreement ultimately signed was far more beneficial to the author than those first submitted to him and sanctioned by his solicitor.

The organ of the society gives singular instances of the adventures which have befallen the authors in quest of publicity. The latest case is the most

extreme,—that of a lady who handed her manuscript to a publisher, and was told that the cost of printing a specified number of copies would be \$600. A friend sent it direct to a printer, who offered to print and bind that number of copies for \$80! Perhaps this publisher was one of that firm elsewhere described by Mr. Besant as one "of which all the worst things ever alleged against the publishing trade may be alleged with the greatest truth." He adds: "We have for a long time kept work out of their hands, and we intend to go on doing so until they mend their ways."

An earlier statement shows that the dishonest publisher is not such a rarity that the author need not beware of him. There are, according to this estimate, not more than a dozen publishers in all London with whom publishing is anything but a system of robbery. If the condition of things in America be in any degree analogous to this, the foundation of a Society of American Authors is a pressing need. And even if the American be, as we are bound to suppose, vastly more virtuous than his British brother, there are other reasons which make the need for such a society hardly less imperative. I have touched on but few of them, and it is for the American at home to consider the whole subject for himself. But I may repeat what I have said before, that, perhaps even more than the author, the honorable publisher has an interest in suppressing his dishonorable rival.—*G. W. Smalley, in the New York Tribune.*

LITERARY GAMBLING.

Some time ago it fell to me to examine and report upon the value of certain manuscripts submitted by a large number of writers in competition for certain prizes offered by a firm of publishers. The experience afforded by the difficult and laborious task has been enlightening in no small degree. In this case it made the publishers, in question eat humble pie, and, moreover, it did some valuable missionary work—I am led to believe—among the schools of our country, by showing plainly that the making of valuable literature is a professional matter, and that the literary profession is not to be mastered at a single bound by girls and boys not yet out of school classes, nor yet by men and women untrained in the details of authorship.

This thing of offering prizes is at best of doubtful propriety under any circumstances. It is nearly always connected with "luck" or "chance," as gamblers understand the words, and the winners have a triumph of—to say the best—doubtful

moral significance over a host of disappointed and embittered losers.

The other day some Boston publishers sent me a circular asking me to write a "moral story" of not less than 120,000 words (that is, 400 pages of 300 words to the page), and to submit this colossal manuscript in competition for a prize of \$500. The second best prize was to be \$400, and manuscripts not taking a prize were to be retained, if liked, at the publishers' own price. The thing which attracted my attention most particularly was the special requirement in the circular that the stories submitted were to be "moral," and suited to "Sunday-school" reading! It seemed to me notably out of place, this specification in a proposition whose morality was below that of the Louisiana lottery scheme. Think of "Sunday-school publishers" setting up a sort of literary "bunco," to which their circulars were to act as "steerers"! In the first place, it is an insult to any conscientious, painstaking literary worker to offer him \$500 for a story (worth publishing at all) containing 120,000 words. A mere "hack" ought to have at least \$1,200 for such a work. But in the circular's proposition the second best competitor was to have but \$400, and all the rest were to accept whatever the publishers chose to give.

Now, what was the purpose of this circular? Was honesty at the bottom of it? Let us see. The publishers well knew that very few chances were there that any writer of settled reputation would compete for their liberal (?) prizes; but they felt sure that many struggling young persons would compete, and that among hundreds of manuscripts submitted a careful critic could select a few that could be made a paying lot of property. Let us make some figures. Suppose that out of some 500 manuscripts they should find twenty acceptable ones. For the two best they pay \$500 for the best, and \$400 for second best; for the remaining eighteen they pay what they please, say on an average \$100 each. Here we have twenty stories (moral stories for Sunday schools) which in the aggregate have cost the publishers \$2,700. In other words, here are twenty books of 120,000 words each that have cost the publishers \$135 each. Now, how long will it take a fairly conscientious author to write 120,000 words? Certainly three months would be hurried work. How much is this per month as author's wages? Just \$45 a month! But this is the average among the twenty successful ones; how about the 480 competitors who have each written 120,000 words for nothing? What is to be said of a "moral" publisher, who sends his

books to "Sunday schools," when he sets up a literary dead-fall of this sort for the purpose of catching unwary young writers?

Now, the publishing business pays or it does not pay. If these Boston publishers want some "moral stories" of 120,000 words each, they ought to say just how much they are willing to pay for any story they shall accept. For instance, if they cannot afford to pay more than \$500 for such a work, they ought to say so. Send us a story of that bulk that we can accept, and we will pay \$500 for it. This is fair. If a writer does not wish to do work at that starvation rate, all he has to do is to refuse. But you see how this prize scheme turns the heads of poor young writers struggling for recognition. They imagine that to take a prize is to win fame and a settled reputation, and then the \$500 can be considered better than no pay for three or four months of hard labor. But the publisher shrewdly foresees that each one of the 500 competitors will feel sure of the prize, if not the first, at least the second; for who ever bought a lottery ticket without expecting a prize? It is the unsuccessful ones (those who write well, but not quite well enough to win) that the publisher is after. "I will rake into my net," he says to himself, "a goodly heap of stories of 120,000 words each, passably good 'moral stories for Sunday schools,' for which I will have to pay almost nothing; there's where I'll make my money!" He knows very well that among the successful manuscripts will be stories as good (possibly better) than the two chosen as prize winners, for the "judges" are not always able to judge happily. All the chances are in his favor if he can induce a great many writers to enter into the contest. For \$900 he can have pick and choice of, say, 500 manuscripts, for which he will pay a mere pittance.

Of course, no writer of standing who has any "business sense" will enter this literary prize ring, for even if the prizes offered were large enough to be an inducement, there is too open a chance for sharp dealing. The publisher has everything under his thumb, and, if he is dishonorable, can have the prize awarded to a "straw man," and take in the really good stories at a nominal price. I do not intimate that in the present instance such a thing would be done, but the prize ring is not, as a rule, the ring of honor. What I do say outright is that any publisher who will accept for publication a story of 120,000 words and pay less than \$500 for it is either dishonest or altogether unfit to be in the publishing business, for if the story is not worth \$1,000, it is too poor a thing to publish; if it is worth

\$1,000, it is dishonest to accept it for less, especially on the gambling plan.

It will be understood that my argument does not apply to the cases where authors and publishers meet on a fair business footing, each standing out for his own end of the bargain. There, of course, the higgling of trade often comes in, and each must take care of himself. It is the law, whether it is morals or not, that men may buy as low as they can and sell as high as they can; but it is in consonance with neither the spirit of law nor the spirit of good morals for one to set a trap for the unwary and lead him into a loss of time and labor. A dead-fall is a dead-fall, call it by what name you may.

Now, I have not written this paper for the purpose of lecturing publishers upon their modes of business; what I have had in mind was to drop a word of caution to those young writers who might be tempted to begin literary gambling. There is one rule that should guide every person who has wares for sale, and that is the rule of regular business. Send your goods to a reputable market and get what you can for them. Sell nothing on the lottery plan. If you have a good thing, you may be sure that a good publisher will know that it is good, and be ready to pay a good price for it (if you demand a good price), and if you have a poor thing, no lottery scheme will make it valuable.

—Maurice Thompson, in America.

REWARDS OF AUTHORSHIP.

My friend George William Curtis was some years ago selected as a delegate to the New York constitutional convention, and once overheard a discussion among the other members concerning himself. One said, "Curtis is an intelligent man." "A very intelligent man," was the reply, "for a literary man."

Now, we didn't use to hear it said that Abraham Lincoln was very intelligent for a rail splitter, or General Grant very intelligent for a tanner. The literary man is also a man and a brother, and why should it be surprising that he, like other American citizens, should show intelligence. In the earlier days of the republic literature could not be supposed to have any footing. The conditions were too stern. President John Adams rejoiced that there were no artists in America, because he thought artists and literary men represented the degradation of a government. Fisher Ames made a speech in which he said that literature would come when American liberty was overthrown. Ten

years after that American literature was born. In 1815 the *North American Review* was started; in 1817 Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis"; in 1818 Irving's "Sketch Book" was published; and Cooper's "Spy" appeared in 1825.

The principal drawback at present in this country to literature is that there is still an enormous amount of work to be done. There is a fearful absorption of this and the coming generation in such work. There are still forests to be cleared and bridges to be built. If you put the ablest young men into machine shops and railroad offices, you can't have them in the library. Yet, in spite of all that, we see the spread of education, the growth of colleges, and libraries, and Chautauqua circles. Here, as nowhere else, the author stands free and dignified in his profession, with no class above him. How does a literary man stand to-day in England? So long as he is not raised to the peerage, he takes rank below the meanest man who has been; and if, like Tennyson, he consents to join it, he has the extreme felicity of being followed in that body by a prosperous London brewer. The separation of set from set makes its mark in all the literature of England. Why is it that the American magazines have marched in solid column into England and displaced the English magazines? It is because the American magazine is a magazine. It is a plate of comprehension. It brings people together. It is a Chautauqua institute among magazines. The disadvantage of literature, it is said, in this country, is that it is not paid well. A man cannot make his living out of it, and is tempted to other occupations. Well, I have lived by literature for thirty years, and I know the thing can be done.

Its money rewards are not so great as those of other occupations. Neither are those of the law, medicine, nor the pulpit. The lawyer who makes \$100,000 a year is not to be found, I am told, in New York. The physician who makes \$50,000 a year is rarely found anywhere. Some American authors, I dare say, for several years have made \$20,000 a year. I doubt whether there are any who have made more than \$10,000 a year for ten years together. But the profession of literature is safe. There are always newspapers, there are always reports and murders, and there is the personal society column, which does its murdering in a more ingenious way. The literary man risks little, his expenses are little, his possibilities are great. He has friends to look forward to everywhere, and his influence reaches wide and far into the future. — Colonel T. W. Higginson, at Chautauqua.

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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If you have not already sent the desired information about yourself for the forthcoming "Directory of American Writers, Editors, and Publishers," send it to the editor of THE WRITER at once.

"THE WRITER" FOR AUGUST.

THE WRITER for August contains: "Progress in the Dictionary," by H. B. Swartz; "Was Goldsmith a Plagiarist?" by Charles R. Hardy; "What's in a Name?" by Grace Blanchard; "Writing for the Editor," by William Timothy Call; "Western Association of Writers' Fifth Annual Convention," by Mary E. Cardwill; "Mistakes of Dialect Story Writers," by Delia A. Heyward; "A Writer's Grievance," by E. P. Scott; together with the usual departments entitled "Queries," "The Scrap Basket," "The Use and Misuse of Words," "Book Reviews," "Helpful Hints and Suggestions," "Literary Articles in Periodicals," and "News and Notes."

THE PAY OF AUTHORS.

An editorial writer in the *New York World* has taken up again the old subject of the financial relations between author and publisher. "There lies before us," he says, "a publisher's statement of account in the case of a book of which 4,000 copies were sold. The total expenditure foots up \$697. The sales realized to the publisher \$1,200, the retail price of the book being fifty cents—the average price to the publisher being thirty cents. Out of this he pays the author ten per cent. of retail price, or \$200, retaining as his own net profit the comfortable sum of \$303.

"But of the expense charged \$439 represented the cost of plates and the original advertising. The plates remain, and the original advertising need not be repeated should the book continue to sell. If, instead of 4,000, there had been a sale of 10,000 copies, the total expense would have been \$1,084, the author's royalty \$500—making an aggregate of \$1,584,

and leaving the publisher a net profit of \$1,416, while the author gets only a poor little \$500.

Greater the sale of a book, the greater will be the disparity between the author's and the publisher's profits, though the difference between great and small sales is mainly, indeed almost exclusively, the effect of the author's superior work."

That the system is wrong and unjust is the natural conclusion of the editorial writer.

HOW TO TAKE NOTES.

The young writer, being advised always to carry a note-book, often finds himself in possession of a book with clean pages, but utterly at a loss to know how to use it.

I always keep two note-books going. The one, a common five-cent book, I carry with me wherever I go, and put down in it, without regard to order, every odd or attractive name I chance to hear, whether of person or place, any new words that I come across in my reading or that I hear from the lips of lecturer or preacher, and every stray thought that comes to me at odd moments that could be made use of in my work. The title of a story, a subject of a poem, or the outline of an essay often come to me in a ride or walk, and these are promptly set down to be used at some future time.

In my desk I keep another note-book, with marginal index, such as is used for small book-keeping. Into this book I transcribe the important items from the first note-book in systematic order, so that they can be easily referred to again. The names of women I put in one place, of men in another, and of places in still another. Then the outlines of poems, stories, and essays are each put down under a separate heading, to be referred to at some future time.

Another note-book still I have, into which beautiful or striking phrases from an author or lecturer are neatly copied and kept for my own use and the pleasure of my friends. This latter book becomes exceedingly convenient when one has acquired fame enough to have one's autograph frequently solicited.

There are two ways of taking notes at lectures

and conventions in longhand. One way is to take down the outline, or skeleton, of the speech, and to follow exactly the programme of the convention. In the speech you give the outline of the argument, rather than the argument itself. In the convention you mention what was on the programme, whether good or bad. This kind of reporting is for newspapers more especially.

But when one is taking notes at a lecture or convention for one's own use, or to be written up in the form of a letter to some literary or religious paper, it is better to take down beautiful thoughts, apt illustrations, and the cream of what is said and done, rather than to put down everything as it comes, without regard to quality.

Every writer, whether reporting or not, should accustom himself to this latter mode of taking notes. Oftentimes he may get a valuable illustration or happy expression from the lips of a very ordinary lecturer or preacher.

Eva C. Griffith.

WHITEWATER, WIS.

WRITING FLASH LITERATURE.

A great many people have an idea that it is an easy matter to write for the cheap story papers. According to their conception you must model yourself after Milton Noble's hero in the "Phoenix," and get an abduction, a murder, and two suicides in each instalment. This is a great mistake. You must have your horrors, but you need not pile them on; and one good murder mystery is quite sufficient.

To those who would wish to try their hand at this style of literature, I would say, in the first place, avoid description as much as possible, and deal largely in terse, exciting, and thrilling dialogue. With the boys' papers this is especially necessary. Boys always skip long descriptions of scenes and even of persons. They are anxious to get to the exciting parts and the denouement of all their stories. They care nothing for word-painting, and have no time for moralizing.

Another point is about dialogue. A man who has lived in the wild and woolly West cannot have ordinary patience with the Western slang of the dime-novel writers, and their impossible negro is the disgust of a Southerner. Their Western man is only as far West as Missouri, their negro is drawn from the minstrel stage, and their Indian is

a perverted memory of Cooper. As to their detective, he is wonderfully and fearfully made.

In dealing with such characters you can fool the New York boy, but when you write of himself and his surroundings your dialogue dialect must be perfect, or you won't catch on with your juvenile readers. The man who can succeed in reproducing the natural talk of boys, with all its grammatical gymnastics, and has in addition a vivid imagination, a fair knack in constructing a plot, and a rapid pen, can make a good deal of money writing for the cheap boys' papers. — *Gerald Carleton, in the New York Star.*

QUERIES.

No. 62. — Has the real name of "Saxe Holm" ever been acknowledged? I have seen the assertion that Saxe Holm and Helen Hunt were the same. Is there any foundation for it? K. R.

ALTOONA, Penn.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 58. — According to a current newspaper paragraph, Lord Brassey is engaged to marry the Hon. Sybil Capel, a young woman both accomplished and beautiful, and the youngest daughter of the late Viscount Malden. She is a little older than the eldest Miss Brassey. Lord Brassey is fifty-three. His first wife died three years ago.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

P. T.

No. 61. — "P. E." may possibly find copies of "The Fire Fiend" at some of your second-hand book stores. It has been out of print for years. I published it for the author, Dr. Charles D. Gardette, of 910 Walnut street, Philadelphia, as "The Fire Fiend and other Poems" nearly thirty years ago! It has been attributed to Poe.

HOWARD CHALEN.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Aldrich. — Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who has recently been succeeded by Mr. Scudder as editor of the *Atlantic*, had one of the most beautiful homes imaginable at 68 Mount Vernon street, Boston. I had the pleasure of calling upon him there not long since, and was ushered into the large, old-fashioned, roomy parlor, up one flight of broad stairs, the poet's favorite study being on the first floor, near the entrance. One could not be more charmed in

any place than upon entering this beautiful large double parlor. The very spirit of refinement was everywhere manifest. The mantel in each room first attracted and strongly riveted attention, each bearing a large altar piece of gold, and all at once the visitor found his fancy wandering across the sea to their ancient home and forming solemn pictures of cavaliers, monks, maids, princes, and peasants, who had often made their weary pilgrimages to the shrine of which these had formed a part. The windows, too, were all in keeping with the sanctuary, being similar to the elegantly colored windows ordinarily seen in churches. Books were laid about in great profusion almost everywhere, yet not at all with that seeming negligence so often apparent in the homes of book lovers, and more especially makers of books. A volume of Holmes' poems lay upon a table. I took it up, opened it, and found upon the fly-leaf an autograph inscription to "my esteemed friend, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, with the sincere regards of the author." A splendid large volume bound in the best morocco laid beside it. I took it up, unfixed the hasps which clasped it, and found that it was a copy of "The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," and on the fly-leaf found that this beautiful volume, which, by the way, was illustrated by members of the Boston Paint and Clay Club, was presented by him to his wife, in the following lines: —

Take them and keep them.
Who can tell? Some day, dear
(Though they be withered
Flower, and thorn, and blossom),
Held for an instant
Up 'gainst thy bosom,
They might make December
Seem to thee like May, dear!

To my wife Lillian after seventeen happy years with her.
Nov. 28, 1882.

Upon the next blank sheet was written in the same small but remarkably plain handwriting of Mr. Aldrich the following very pretty verse: —

Two things there are with memory will abide —
Whatever else befall — while life flows by:
That soft, cold hand touch at the altar side:
The thrill that shook you at your child's first cry.

June 15, 1884.

—*J. P. S., in Utica Observer.*

Bellamy. — My next door neighbor at this unique summering place (Noyes Beach, Westerly, R. I.) is Mr. Edward Bellamy, who has proved himself such a help and inspiration to the world by his novel "Looking Backward." Those of my friends who are aware of this close proximity have asked me to give them some idea of the gentleman's personal appearance, etc., etc. One enterprising reporter

requested me to find out from Mr. Bellamy's own lips how much money he made from his book, and promised to reward me if I succeeded in obtaining the desired information. Although compelled to decline the invitation to "snoop," I was thrilled by the splendid audacity of the request. No wonder our newspapers contain so many bright items about people and things, if the general reporter is as enterprising as this one. In regard to the money made by "Looking Backward" for its author, I have very serious doubts, although I have no official data to base my opinion upon,—but I haven't a single doubt regarding the ducats hauled in by the publisher. But business is business, and this is certainly none of my business, only I do wish that the general author had more sense, and would arrange to make at least a part of the money himself. Mr. Bellamy is neither tall nor short, large nor small. He is compactly built, energetic in manner, and his face is as frank as a child's. He has dark hair and wears a full beard. His eyes are blue, and look into yours without flinching. His hand grasp is hearty, and it is plain to see that both head and heart are full of schemes for the elevation of humanity. Mrs. Edward Bellamy seems the ideal wife for such a man. In fact, she comes as near my ideal of a perfect woman in every respect as any I have ever met. Her face is very delicate, very refined, very beautiful, and there is n't a single weak line in it. There are two children in the house of Bellamy,—Paul, five, and Marion, four,—who are quite as happy at Noyes Beach as are their father and mother.—*Eleanor Kirk, in Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

Chicopee Falls, near Springfield, Mass., is the home of the author of "Looking Backward." His father, the Rev. R. K. Bellamy, now dead, who was pastor of the Baptist Church for thirty-four years, built the house now owned by his widow. Mr. Bellamy is forty-two years old, and his wife, who was his father's ward, is twenty-seven. Mrs. Bellamy sings in the choir of the Baptist Church, but Mr. Bellamy seldom goes to church. He wears a full beard now, so that he could never be known from his published photographs.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Howells.—I meet a great many intelligent men who do not care for Howells the novelist, but I have never yet met a person who knew Howells the man and failed to like him. To the younger literary men Howells is kindness itself, and they for the most part reward him with an affection that perhaps does not always distinguish intelligently between the man and the author. His older fellow

literary men, and those nearer himself in rank, are certainly seldom enthusiastic in praise of his work, but they speak of the man in the warmest terms, and describe him as one of the wittiest and most charming of Americans.—*New York Star.*

Jerome.—Like most men who have succeeded on the stage, Jerome K. Jerome, author of the recent successful books "Stageland," "Three Men in a Boat," and "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," of which last book over 100,000 copies have been sold, has had some varied experiences. He is only twenty-eight now, and has already made himself a decided favorite with the public who wish to be amused. He was born on the fringe of the Black Country in 1861, and had the misfortune to lose both parents when he was only fourteen. His father owned the Jerome pit at the Cannock Chase colliery. When Jerome was four years of age his father suffered ruin, owing to an inundation in the mine, and the family came to London. On the death of his parents he obtained a situation as clerk in the head offices of the London & Northwestern Railway Company at Euston, and for four years devoted himself assiduously to his duties at the desk. But he never liked being a railway clerk, and at eighteen he came to the resolution to try his luck in an entirely different sphere of activity. He determined to become an actor, and having arrived at this decision it was not long before he exchanged his stool at Euston for an engagement at Astley's Theatre. Here he remained for nine months, and among other feats played four parts in "Mazeppa," being twice killed before the last act. His career as an actor was completed by twelve months' experience in the provinces, during which time he undertook almost every conceivable part, from that of a servant to that of a heavy father. He next turned his attention to journalism, though prior to this he had written tales and sketches which had been rejected by various publishers. But at this juncture he found newspaper reporting to answer better than stories, and for six months he was a "liner." That is to say, he earned three-halfpence a line for his contributions to the daily and weekly newspapers. The net result in six months suggested the necessity of trying yet another calling, and Mr. Jerome accordingly adopted the profession of a schoolmaster, and after six months gave that up and tried journalism again. Then he thought he might supplement his income by canvassing for advertisements. Having tried canvassing for a month, and got nothing, he abandoned it, and procured an appointment as a shorthand writer for a firm of

parliamentary agents. This occupation was alike more profitable and more certain than sending in "flimsies" to the newspapers. His next move was into a solicitor's office, and here he stayed until the middle of last year, when he felt justified in devoting the whole of his attention to literary work. As it has been intimated, his ambition had always been to distinguish himself in literature. His initial efforts were distinctly discouraging. The first thing he published had been refused so often that a less persistent man would have yielded to despair. Mr. Jerome did not despair, and "On the Stage and Off" was ultimately accepted by *The Play*. — *London Figaro*.

Rollins. — Alice Wellington Rollins is getting well again. The story of her illness is a remarkable one. She has been writing ever since her girlhood, when she began to publish poems that were afterward gathered into a volume under the title of "A Ring of Amethyst," a book that procured for her the friendship of Longfellow and many of the other great poets and literati of that day. About this time she married, and, leaving Boston, made her home in Brooklyn for a while before moving to New York, where she still resides. Her husband was a man of easy means, and her literary work was continued as a pleasure and outlet, and from no necessity. She gained a very enviable place in the magazine world, and became especially celebrated for her charming sketches of ranch life in Kansas. Two years ago her husband suffered severe reverses in business, and it became necessary to give up their pretty home opposite Central Park, as too expensive for their narrowed means. This Mrs. Rollins was bitterly loath to do, and after some consideration she begged to be allowed to make the effort to keep it by means of her pen. Then began one of the most astonishing examples of literary industry that any woman ever afforded. She wrote enormously — editorials, sketches, poems, stories for children, articles for the reviews, and work upon every subject conceivable. In the mean time she became greatly interested in the tenement-house question, and created a very general interest in the subject by her articles in the *Forum*. Her investigations finally crystallized in the form of a novel, under the title of "Uncle Tom's Tenement," in which all the evils of the institution were set forth in a very vivid and impressive fashion. As a result of this work she was called upon to read papers on the subject before several leading societies and clubs, and her labors aided greatly in arousing the public consciousness of the evils and dangers confronting it in this quarter, and in setting on foot

plans to improve the whole system of tenements. This work was hardly done before an offer came of a voyage to Brazil. Her husband was obliged to go on business, and Mrs. Rollins found that by accompanying him she could make some very favorable contracts for articles on the general appearance and condition of the country. She sailed, and arrived there in the midst of the great yellow fever epidemic that ravaged the country a year or more ago. She fell a victim to the disease almost immediately upon landing, and was violently ill of it. After her recovery she remained long enough to gather the material that she wished, and strength for the home voyage. Upon her return she went hard to work again, produced the articles she had arranged for, and resumed much of the tremendous volume and variety of work she had been engaged upon before her departure. As long as there was need of her labor and endurance, she managed to continue both, but when at last news came from Brazil that her husband had completed his mission there, and so successfully that she was entirely relieved of all need for further effort, she showed how severe had been the strain, and how great the courage that supported her under it, by giving up entirely and succumbing to an illness that was in reality nothing but sheer fatigue and relaxing of overstrained energies. Mrs. Rollins is recovering again, and, while still somewhat sensitive to any fatigue, is growing strong once more in the charming home she saved by her tremendous labors, and with the pleasant consciousness of there being in the future no further need of any effort on her part. The home is a delightful one, with an outlook immediately upon the park, and full within of soft-toned colors and spacious, airy luxuriousness. The owner is a pretty, brown-eyed woman, who wears picturesque gowns, and whose hair, just beginning to grow long again after the fever, curls from under a velvet Portia cap, that gives her a half-Venetian aspect. — *Illustrated American*.

Towle. — There is no other man in the Massachusetts Senate who has a reputation equal to that of George Makepeace Towle. He is first and above all an author, whose tastes and talents incline him to subjects of historical import, in which the characters and influence of leaders of men play a significant and prominent part. His literary work is as extensive and varied as that of any author in this country. His entrance into public life has been as modest as it is patriotic, earnest, and sincere, the natural result of the desire of the public who knew him by his books to see and hear him on the platform and in the halls of the legislature. His

place in Massachusetts to-day is in the front rank of statesmanship, the scholar in politics, a good and upright citizen, and a Republican who deserves all the honors that his party can bestow upon him. In reviewing Mr. Towle's career one is impressed by the number of celebrities he has seen and known. He was present as a boy at the inauguration of James K. Polk, and saw John Quincy Adams on the steps of the Capitol a few weeks before his death. In boyhood or youth he knew and talked with ex-Presidents Van Buren and Tyler, Washington Irving, Fitzgreene Halleck, General Scott, Lord Lyons, Thomas H. Benton, John G. Saxe, Edwin Forrest, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, then ninety years old, and others equally noted. When he was consul in France Mr. Towle knew the famous Countess Guiccioli, Byron's early love, who was then writing "Byron Jugé par les Témoins de sa Vie." She was then the wife of the Marquis de Boissy, the notorious Anglophobist. When to these names are added the long list of European and American statesmen and authors whom Mr. Towle has known in his personal and official relations, it is hard to realize that he is only forty-eight. He was United States consul at Bradford, Eng., where he remained during 1868-70. While there he went up to London very often, heard Disraeli, Gladstone, Lord John Russell, old Earl Derby, the "Rupert of debate," Lord Granville, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Sidney Herbert, John Bright, and John Arthur Roebuck. He knew well the late William E. Forster, the member of Parliament for Bradford, whose steadfast support of the cause of the United States during the civil war, and the part he took in the troubles in Ireland, have given him a marked place in contemporary history. He also knew John Morley, then editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, to which Mr. Towle was a contributor. It was while lunching with Mr. Morley at the Garrick Club that he first met Sir Charles Dilke, at that time owner of the *London Athenæum*, of which Mr. Towle was about to become the Boston correspondent, and who was then in the dawn of that distinction which has so recently been blighted. But Mr. Towle's most interesting relations in England were with Charles Dickens, who was then at the height of his fame, and in the meridian of his splendid powers. The great novelist made an appointment with him to come to the office of *All the Year Round*, and arranged for his contributing to this periodical an article every month on American subjects. During his two years' residence at Bradford, Mr. Towle wrote about thirty articles for the magazine. He is now

in the full vigor of his physical and intellectual powers, and the public may reasonably expect that his crowning achievements, both in his chosen field of literary labor and in public life, have yet to come. — *Boston Traveller*.

White. — Eliza Orne White, whose story "Miss Brooks" has reached a third edition, is the eldest daughter of Rev. William Orne White, who for many years had a parish in Keene, N. H., where the girlhood of the author of "Miss Brooks" was spent. Her mother was a daughter of Chester Harding, and the story of the gifted artist's life and success must have been a great inspiration, a stimulus to the imagination of his granddaughter. Never to have seen a picture; to come from his remote country home, and in six years to be painting the portraits of critical Old-World aristocrats — it is an interesting story. A portrait of Mr. Harding, his own work, his portrait of Judge White, of Salem, Miss White's paternal grandfather, and a Stuart portrait of Captain Orne, the great-grandfather from whom Miss White inherits, so to speak, her second name, — these are all on the walls of the drawing-room of the pleasant home of the White family in Brookline. It is the former home of Mr. Cabot, the architect; the new house is next it beyond a wall of greenery; it is shut away from sight by fine old trees; there is a beautiful lawn, and, though so near the city, there are seclusion, and quiet, and rural charm. For two years the author of "Miss Brooks" worked at her story, writing and rewriting, and with diligence making her picture of the beautiful suburban, who was more Bostonian than Boston in her idolatrous regard for the city and her lack of power to conceive of any good thing coming out of Galveston, Texas. One who knows the writer well says: "People persist in thinking Miss Brooks was meant for a typical Bostonian. Miss White had no such idea in writing the story. To her mind Miss Brooks was much more devoted to Boston than if she had lived there, because it stood to her for all that is most delightful in life. She was herself just outside the charmed circle." "Miss Brooks" is a successful summer novel, with something the same sort of relish as that of the short *Atlantic* story, "A Browning Courtship." That, a number of children's stories in the *Christian Register* and *Every Other Sunday*, and three or four newspaper stories are all that Miss White has published. She has by no means rushed into print, but has written slowly, and much of the work on which she tried her 'prentice hand has never left her desk, a modern desk in the room furnished with old, solid, Salem furniture, where she likes to be alone while she writes. It is

a pleasant, cultivated household, in a beautiful Brookline home, of which she is a part; with her father, and mother, and sister, she has been for nine years breathing the air of Boston as it is in Brookline; she has, since the return of the family from a stay in Europe, been in the West, to Galveston, and also to the place in the Adirondacks described with charm in the camping chapter of "Miss Brooks." — *Boston Transcript*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Maurice Thompson's first name is James. His boyhood days were spent in Gordon county, Georgia, where he has recently gone on a visit, after an absence of many years. There his old friends delight to call him "Jim."

Edward A. Oldham, the young Southern writer whose contributions are becoming a frequent feature of the *Century* and other leading periodicals, is to write the North Carolina volume in the *Stories of the States Series* published by D. Lothrop Company.

Thomas Nelson Page, the popular author of "Mars Chan," is again in London, where his last book of collected dialect stories has been remarkably well received. He is a cousin of Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler.

In the future, in all Government documents and official publications in Canada, such words as flavor, labor, honor, etc., must be spelt with the "u," according to the English usage.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, novelist, is studying phases of San Francisco life as material for a novel that will be her twenty-ninth. Next year she will visit St. Petersburg.

The manuscript of Max O'Rell's "Jonathan and His Continent" was sold recently in New York for \$13.

Hattie Tyng Griswold has nearly ready a new book, which will be published in the fall.

Rudyard Kipling set up the type, printed, and published his first book himself in India, and as it had a sale of more than five hundred copies, it paid all expenses.

Professor W. P. Trench, of the Episcopal University of the South, at Suwannee, Tennessee, is to write the life of William Gilmore Simms for the *American Men of Letters Series*. George W. Cable was originally chosen to perform this work, but his unpopularity at the South induced a change on the part of the publishers.

Miss Eliza Orne White, author of "Miss Brooks," is spending a fortnight at Maple Grove Farm, West Swanzy, N. H.

Mrs. Rohlfis ("Anna Katharine Greene") is in Cornwall, Eng., and will go to Belgium and Holland on her way to Germany. She received a great deal of attention during her visit to London. Her \$10,000 story, "A Matter of Millions," is now running in the *New York Ledger*.

B. P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington") has been ill at Newton Centre, Mass. He is seventy-six years old.

H. M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine* and author of "God in His World," is now for a short time at North Conway.

Professor Richmond Mayo Smith, of Columbia College, whose book, "Emigration and Immigration," has been very successful, is spending the summer at East Hampton, Long Island.

Richard Harding Davis, who has a story, "A Stroll up the Avenue," in the August *Harper's*, and "Gallegher" — A Newspaper Story, in the August *Scribner's*, is on the staff of the *New York Evening Sun*. He has also a story in type waiting its turn in the *Century* office.

John Boyle O'Reilly died suddenly at his Hull cottage, August 10.

Mr. Gosse does not think that an international copyright law will do much for English authors. "Certain persons," he says, "— perhaps, at the extreme limit, fifteen authors, male and female — will experience an instant and large increase in the value of their future property. But the bulk of the writing tribe, and among them some of the most celebrated of living names, will find that American copyright improves their financial condition not an iota. The people who will benefit from the adoption of copyright, and that instantly and largely, are the authors of America."

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has relinquished her lot at Eastern Point, Gloucester, Mass., where it has been her intention to build a permanent residence. The site is the one on which her world-wide known book, "Gates Ajar," was written. The place has been a favorite resort both of Mrs. Ward and her husband. Together they matured the plans of an ideal home to be erected on that site; waiting only till the isolation and inaccessibility should be obviated by neighbors, but the permanent location of the whistling buoy at Eastern Point has caused them to abandon their intention.

Mrs. Lizzie P. Evans, author of "Aunt Nabby," has just finished a book, which will be published in the autumn.

H. Rider Haggard writes from Ditchingham House, Bungay, under date June 29: "I have sometimes received twelve or thirteen pirated editions of a single book. How many more there may have been I cannot say. . . . From the best of my recollection I have received pay from no American publisher with the solitary exception of the Messrs. Harper. Per contra: (1.) My books have been very freely taken and reprinted in America. (2.) They have frequently been mutilated. (3.) My proofs have been got at and published without my corrections. (4.) One book to my knowledge has been published under my name of which I never wrote a line."

Dr. Holmes says he has more requests for lists of "The Boys" than for the answer to any other question about his works. The "judge," he says, is Hon. G. T. Bigelow, chief justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts; the "speaker" is Hon. F. B. Crowninshield; the "member of congress" is Hon. G. T. Davis, also Hon. Isaac E. Morse. By the "reverend" is meant James Freeman Clarke especially. Professor Benjamin Pierce is the "boy with the grave, mathematical look." B. R. Curtis, of the United States supreme court, is the boy

with the three decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain.

And the venerable author of our national hymn, Dr. S. F. Smith, is immortalized in these words:—

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pitch,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee."

There are rumors of the resumption of the publication of *The Aldine*, a handsome art journal which was published in New York about sixteen years ago.

"Walter Besant's zeal for the annihilation of all publishers as enemies of the human race has so much outrun his prudence that it bids fair now to destroy the Society of Authors instead," says the London correspondent of the *New York Times*. "That association has a monthly paper, of which Besant is the editor, and his attacks upon the alleged ill-treatment of writers by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge have provoked a published protest from members of the Society of Authors, who say they help pay for the paper, and Besant has no right to make it ridiculous by such baseless imputations."

De Witt J. Seligman, editor of *The Epoch*, is spending a vacation at Williamstown, Mass.

Mrs. Mary D. Brine is staying at the Bald Head Cliff House, Ogunquit, Me. She has published about thirty-five books in the last twelve years, besides contributing to newspapers and magazines.

Joaquin Miller's handwriting is almost illegible.

Willis Boyd Allen has gone to Alaska for a summer outing. His book, "The Lion City of Africa" (D. Lothrop Co.), will be issued before his return.

Paul Bourget, the novelist, is engaged to a young Belgian lady, — Mlle. Minnie David, — who is said to be as accomplished as she is rich.

It is now proposed, in Brooklyn, N. Y., to form an Authors' Protective Union, on the ground that authors are almost absolutely at the mercy of publishers, have suffered greatly at their hands, and need to combine for mutual protection.

Miss Alice M. Douglass, of Bath, Me., has had a story, "Self Exiled from Russia," accepted by a Mennonite publishing company, which will use it as a Sunday-school story.

Miss Beth Baker, of Boston, the author of the successful novel, "Mystery Evans," is passing a few weeks at Sandwich. She will soon have another work in press.

The new Canadian novelist, Mr. Thomas Stinson Jarvis, whose novel, "Geoffrey Hampstead," is published by D. Appleton & Company, is a barrister by profession and a resident of Toronto. This is practically Mr. Jarvis' first important literary work, although some years ago he published a small volume, "Travels in Syria."

Sir Walter Scott's journal is to appear in the autumn, reproduced from the original, which is preserved at Abbotsford. Mr. David Douglas will edit it, and add, besides elaborate explanatory notes, illustrative extracts from unpublished sources, chief among them being the reminiscences in manuscript of James Skene, one of Scott's oldest and most intimate friends. There are also letters from Carlyle and Lockhart. The whole work will form two octavo volumes, and they are said to contain nearly double the amount of matter given by Lockhart, while the sentences and paragraphs will appear as they were written by Scott. Many passages were truncated by Lockhart, many entries were omitted, and for five months not a line was reproduced.

The *London Athenæum* has this advertisement: "Writers of fiction (ladies especially) may be supplied with new materials of an exciting and romantic character."

Edna Lyall writes to an American friend that she has definitely decided to visit this country in the autumn.

The business management of the *Round Table*, the literary journal published at Nashville, Tenn., has changed hands. The publication of the paper will be suspended until September 1.

George A. Hibbard, the successful story-writer of Buffalo, has just returned from a trip to Europe.

Mark Twain's eldest daughter will enter Bryn Mawr College this fall.

Tolstoi's "Anna Karénina" contains not less than 340,000 words. His "Peace and War," in three vast parts, must include not far from 1,000,000 words.

Jeanne Hugo, a granddaughter of the poet, is to be married soon to Leon Daudet, son of Alphonse Daudet, the novelist.

General Lew Wallace is using some of his summer leisure at his Crawfordsville (Ind.) home in pushing to completion his new novel, the scene of which is laid in Constantinople.

Justin McCarthy has been ordered by his physicians to Royat, in the South of France, for the benefit of his health.

Lloyd S. Bryce, editor of the *North American Review*, has leased the cottage at Ochre Point, Newport, R. I., owned by the heirs of the late George H. Pendleton, of Ohio.

Moses Gage Shirley, the New Hampshire poet, is about to issue a second volume of his verses.

English papers are asking who will be Lord Tennyson's successor as poet laureate. The names of Sir Edwin Arnold, Andrew Lang, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Alfred Austin, Lewis Morris, Lord Lytton, Edmund Gosse, and some others have been mentioned. Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Lang seem to have the largest number of votes.

Ellen Olney Kirk has returned to her home in Germantown.

A publisher recently announced his surprise that some one had not written a "base-ball novel." It would, he said, meet with a large and ready sale. William Everett, of Quincy, wrote two base-ball stories, "Changing Base" and "Double Play," several years ago. New editions are to be published.

John Greenleaf Whittier has been invited to write a poem to be read at the dedication of the Stark monument, at Concord, N. H.

M. Halévy, the author of "Abbé Constantin," announces that he is about to cease writing, having become tired of literary work. He has a novel in hand, but has some doubts if he will ever complete it, as composition has become very fatiguing to him.

Edward Payson, a well-known writer of Maine, died at Deering July 21. He was born in Portland in 1813.

S. W. Foss, editor of the *Yankee Blade*, is a native of Candia, N. H., and from his father's farm could see the Uncanoonuc Mountains, which he celebrated in one of his recent poems.

Professor James M. Hoppin is spending the summer at Litchfield, Conn.

J. B. Perkins, of Rochester, N. Y., has sailed for Europe to pursue the historical studies to which he devoted attention while writing "France Under Richelieu and Mazarin." He hopes to have ready in two years a volume treating of the period immediately following the death of Louis XIV.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is in London, holding weekly receptions in Weymouth street, and is seen about a good deal at literary houses.

Miss Esmeralda Boyle, since her return from Europe, has been engaged in finishing for publication a book of travels for children. It will probably be illustrated from sketches by the author.

Mrs. B. MacGahan, the author of the new Russian novel, "Zenja Repmira," is by birth a Russian. Under her own name she has attained a solid reputation as a writer for the best publications in Russia. She has also published a novel in the Russian language, under a pseudonym. She is an industrious and earnest worker, and her success in the use of English is unusually great.

Three editions of "The Return of the Princess" (in Appleton's New Handy Series) have been published. It was translated from the original of Jacques Vincent, and published in 1880. The translator is Miss Agnes De Leon, of Washington, D. C. She is a linguist of a superior order, translating from the French, Spanish, and Italian; but her excellent work as a translator has been entirely overlooked in the success of the original. Perhaps, from an artistic point of view, this is the highest tribute that a translator receives, to have done the work so well that the effort is not perceived.